This isn’t against Fab or libertinism.
It’s against those who misuse this space to reproduce violence behind the mask of freedom.

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FabSwingers was meant to be a space of freedom.
This isn’t a rejection of desire it’s a call to remember the human behind the screen.
It has become a display window
where women are rated, compared, traded.
Where you are only human if you are useful,
useful to those whose brains were fried by porn long ago.
Where consent is often pressured, and refusal is punished with silence or exclusion.
This isn’t libertinism.
I have seen women passed around between men like playlists.
I’ve seen men stripped of all humanity, hollow to the bone,
robbing women of their dignity,
and praised for it by their male friends,
as if contempt had become a form of virtue.
I’ve seen configurations where a woman’s “consent” was negotiated, assumed,
before being passed from man to man like a private deal,
where “open-minded” is code for:
“don’t complain when you’re objectified.”
I refuse the voluntary servitude dressed up as open-mindedness.
This is not sexual liberation.
This is a refined system of disposability.
Women are recruited, evaluated, filtered, and replaced,
and still expected to be grateful for the attention.
This is not about sex.
It’s about power dressed in latex.
It’s about pornified masculinity disguised as freedom.
It’s about a culture that consumes women while calling it “having fun”.
It’s not money they offer.
Of course they don’t pay you.
They just assume your dignity isn’t worth the consideration of its value.
To every woman who has been used, tested, or “proposed” like a product:
You are not crazy.
You are not “too sensitive.”
You have seen it clearly.
And it is not you that should be ashamed.
So voilà.
I don’t expect my account to last much longer after this.
But hey,
we all know how Marie-Antoinette ended, right?
“Revolt, unlike resentment, is a way of being.”
— Albert Camus, The Rebel
And yes: I’ve met people on here I deeply respect.
No, you’re not all like this.
This isn’t a personal vendetta.
It’s a refusal to stay silent about a system that quietly devours too many.